Vol. V. Numb. 39.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Foreign News. Of the Descent. Of Saucy Jack *the* Druggist. *Of the* Pump-Party. *Of the* Hermophrodite-Party.

From **Saturday** July the 27th, to **Wednesday** July the 31st, 1706.

Obs. WELL, my Honest *Country-man*, what News? We have had none a long time.

Country-m. A long time, Master, I have known the time when you would have been glad to ha' had so much good News in two Years, as I have brought you in two Weeks.

If it were not for the *Rehearsal*, believing he would say *I reflected on the Duke of* Marlborough, I could tell you that Prince *Eugene* is in a fair way to raise the Seige of *Turin*, and that King *Charles* is come to *Madrid*, tho' the *High-Flyers* give it out, that neither his Majesty, nor the Earl of *Peterborough* is come thither as yet. Master, those People will never give over Lying, they are all of *Lesley*'s Church.

Truly, Master, this Journey I found News was a scarce Commodity; and, therefore, after I had been at the *Tavern*, and drank a Glass of *Sack-Wine*, I went among the *Ninny-Broth* Drinkers, that will *Talk* for the Good of their Country, Hours together at a *Coffee House*, before they'll spend half an Hour at *Guild-Hall* to secure an *Election*. I sate me down as Great as any Proud Citizen of 'em all, call'd for Three Farthings worth of *Coffee*, and One Farthings worth of *Sugar*, Supp'd it up like Old *Simon*, and open'd both Ears to their Discourse.

All the Talk was about the *Descent*, how long 'twould be before they *Sail'd*, whether they were *going*, and what they would *do* when they came they knew not *where*.

Then they Talk'd of the great Preparations were made for this *Descent*, not under 25000 Men were to go in it, at least 30000 spare Arms; a power of Pack-Saddles, and an infinite Number of Flambeaux and Torches were put Aboard the Transports, *&c.*

This occasion'd abundance of Talk, every Article was Canvas'd and Argued as if the whole Society had been *Privy-Counsellours*; but what Confounded 'em most of all, was the Flambeaux and Torches: *What*, says one, *can be the meaning of their carrying these things with 'em? I have read the* News-Papers *ever since I was able to carry a Dish of* Coffee *to my Mouth, long before the* London-Gazette *was Born, and I never read or heard of Torches us'd in the Wars? This is some new Invention, and for what purpose I can't tell.* Quo' I, Master, I fancy our Generals know beforehand that the *French* Kings Forces will be *Bewitch'd*, that they'll all run away, and those Torches are to light our Men to find 'em out in the Woods in the Night time; we do so by the Birds in our Country. Quoth another, *I fancy our Forces are resolv'd to Hovel-Post the Old Fellow at* Versailes; *and tho' he has Lived like a* Heathen *all his Life time, yet they are minded to give him* Christian *Burial, and these Torches are to be used at his Funeral.* Every One put in his Oar, but no One could tell any thing whether they were to go. I told 'em for my part I hoped they would go into *Normandy*, and then they did not go out of our Queens Dominions. And the Honest *French* Protestants that came to 'em should not be call'd *Rebels*, because they joyn'd in Arms with the Troops of *their Lawful Soveraign.*

Obs. I heartily wish 'em the best Success that possible can be. May it answer the Conduct and Diligence with which they have been Equipt; and where-ever they go, let 'em purchase as much Honour to the *English* Arms, and obscure the Glory of *France*, as has been done this Year in *Flanders*. Honest *Country-man*, we don't use to drink Healths till Bed time, but we'll now take one Bumper to their good Voyage, and good Success.

Country-m. I'll Pledge it with all my Spirit. I hope they'll Kill 100 Thousand *Frenchmen.*

Obs. From the whole of this matter, *Roger*, we must Observe how Beneficial Secrecy of *Councils* are to a *State*; how Happy Her Majesty was, and how Happy the whole Nation is in the change of Her *Ministry*; what Successes we have since been Blest with, and what Omens we have of future Ones: This is a Happiness peculiar to Her Majesties Person, not to be Betray'd; a Happiness Her Ancestors wanted, and which brought them into infinite Troubles and Inconveniencies of *State*, made themselves uneasie on their Thrones, and left Hardships entail'd on the *Royal Family*. What was the Occasion of all this, but *Factions* in the *State*, *Animosities*, *Feuds*, and *Contentions* among the *People*, Fomented by *Designing Courtiers*, who endeavour'd the Ruin of *England*, to Promote the Interest and Grandure of *France*? Her Majesty has Wisely overcome all these Difficulties, by putting an End to what would, in a short time, have put an End to the *Government* and *Liberties* of *England*, I mean our *Intestine Jars*, which have been the Artifice with which our Enemies have Work'd.

Country-m. Master, now we'll Talk a little of News relating to your self.

Obs. News relating to me?

Country-m. Yes, Master, there is, I can't tell whether it be bad or good, but you are like to come into *Jeopardy* about it; I think the Planet you was Born under is a sad Troublesome One.

Obs. Prithee, *Roger*, let us hear this News let it be never so Troublesome?

Country-m. Why, Master, Saucy *Jack*, the *Druggist* in *Southwark*, has taken out a Writ of *Scandalum magnorum Equorum* against you, and he'll spend all the *Dogs-Turd* and *Civet* in his Shop but that he'll do he does not know what with you.

Obs. I believe so too: I don't question *Jack*'s Malice,

Malice, but 'tis a very Impotent, Poor Fool! Scandalize him! That can't be. He won't uſe me ſo tenderly as he did his Brother *Jack* the *Quaker*, who was caught with a Vicious thing in *Petticoats*.

Country-m. Oh! I heard of that Story, and what is worſe, ſome People ſay that in a ſhort time *Saucy Jack* the *Druggiſt* muſt do the ſame Kindneſs for *Saucy Jack* the *Quaker*, as he did for the *Unſanctify'd Jacobite Rook*.

Obſ. But, *Roger*, how did'ſt thee come to hear of this Story about me?

Country-m. Maſter, I heard of it in the City, but coming into the Burrough I went to a *Jacobite Coffee-Houſe* in a Court, among ſome of *Saucy Jack*'s Fraternity, and I put this Story forward to ſee what they would ſay, they ſaid, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, *That you are a great Rogue*, at which my Back was up, and I told 'em that you were an Honeſter Man than their Juſtice, who did not know how to waſh his Hands and Face before he mounted his Stall of *Judicature*, but then they talk'd Calmly, and came to his Vindication.

Obſ. Let's hear a little of that.

Country-m. They ſaid, *He did refuſe the Oaths to King* William, *but it was becauſe he would not be brought upon Offices.*

Obſ. The Lords have ſaid in their Addreſs, *That no Perſon ought to be in the* Commiſſion of the Peace, *that refus'd the Oaths to King* William. And was he a good Subject, a good Pariſhoner, or a good Man that would pay double Taxes rather than do his Duty to the King, his Pariſh, or his Country?

Country-m. But, Maſter, they ſaid he never ſpoke the Words you mentioned, *viz. That it would never be well for* England *till ſuch time as the Young Gentleman came over*, or Words to that Effect.

Obſ. Of that I ſhall produce Affidavit when occaſion ſhall require. *Roger*, *Saucy Jack* had better ha' been quiet; tho' he can tye the Old Woman at the *Bridge-Houſe* under his Girdle, every Body is not afraid of a *Pug-Juſtice*; I han't done my worſt yet; in time I ſhall make him ſtink worſe than his own *Aſſa-Fœtida*.

But, *Roger*, let us be a little ſerious in this Point, and leave the Conſideration of having ſuch Men in Commiſſions of the Peace to the Superiours in the *Government*. We have, God be thanked, a good *Parliament*, a *Parliament* in the Intereſt of the *Queen* and *Country*: But how came we by this *Parliament?* Not by the Election of the *Miniſtry*, then 'twould have been no *Parliament* at all. No, it was by the Care and Induſtry of Her Majeſties good People the Electors, who, in Reſpect to the *Queen* and the *Common Safety*, oppos'd the *Tackers*, and ſuch as were not in the Nations Intereſt. Now it muſt be eſteemed a hardſhip upon theſe Honeſt *Freeholders* and *Electors* to be Abus'd, Over-rated in their Taxes, and otherwiſe, for having ſerved the *Queen* and their *Country* at Elections of Members; you need go no further than the Burrough of *Southwark* for Inſtance, and why did this piece of *Mechanick Impudence* favour the Riot in the *Mint*, where the *Military Force*, without any of their Officers, Rob'd the People, but becauſe the Inhabitants Voted for the *Queens* Friends, and not for his Worſhip, *Saucy Jack*.

I love always to look forwards, and I leave it to the Conſideration, even of the Members themſelves, how much theſe Proceedings may Diſhearten the Honeſt Electors againſt another Choice of Members, for if they are to be Over-rated and Abus'd on the Account of giving their Votes, their *Priviledge* will be a Rent Charge to them, if they make uſe of it.

Country-m. Maſter, I think all Violent Men are unfit for Offices. I would have no Party-Men Prefer'd, but thoſe that are of the *Queens Party* and the *Countries Party*. I hop'd all *Parties* would ha' been quaſh'd, but inſtead of that here's another *Party* ſprung up that I never heard of before.

Obſ. More *Parties* yet; prithee what *Party* is that?

Country-m. Maſter, they call themſelves the *Pump-Party*.

Obſ. Then certainly that's the *Sober Party*; they Drink Water, don't they?

Country-m. No, Maſter, they are not neither; they call themſelves the *Pump-Party*, becauſe they keep their Office at the *Sack-Shop* againſt the *Pump* in *Leadenhall-Street*.

Obſ. What are they? What *Principles* are they of? What is their Buſineſs?

Country-m. I han't yet learn'd the Orders of the Society, but they tell me 'tis very Chomical, and the next time I come to *London* I ſhall have the whole Account. But I find they are the *Particulars* of the Pariſh, the Men moſt Noted for *Heavy Heads* and *Clear Underſtandings*, and that an Officer belonging to the *Poſt-Office* is their *Secretary*.

Obſ. Prithee get what thou can'ſt of this Party.

Country-m. And then, Maſter, there's another *Party*, call'd the *Hermophrodite Party*.

Obſ. Bleſs me, *Roger!* More *Parties* yet, what ſort of Fellows are theſe?

Country-m. An *Hermophrodite Party-Man* is half *Saint* half *Devil*, he's of that *Party* of *High-Church* that has joyn'd with the *Play-Houſe* Offenſive and Defenſive: You have heard of that Maſter, han't you?

Obſ. Aye, *Roger*, but I am'nt bound to believe all that I hear.

Country-m. Maſter, 'tis true the *Play-Houſe* did contribute to the *Church*, and ſeveral Eminent *Clergymen* did receive Money for the *Play-Houſe Tickets*, tho' the good Arch-Biſhop, who deſigned to have contributed 50*l.* towards the *Chappel*, ſaid when he heard of that Scandalous way of taking *Play-Houſe* Money, *That his Money ſhould never be mix'd with theirs*, yet Doctor *Lancaſter* of St. *Martins* ſaid, *He would receive Money for the* Play-Houſe Tickets, *Oppoſe it who would.*

Several other *Clergymen* were Collectors, as one *Turkington* a *Clergyman*, who turn'd *Actor*, but being found too Dull for that Employment, he turn'd *Clergyman* again; as alſo one *Holms* and one *Smith*, two *Clergymen*, I enquired whether *Leſley* was not one of the Collectors, but I could hear nothing of that.

Obſ. *Roger*, what thou haſt ſaid is worthy Remark, but be ſure you are right, remember I an't concern'd in this Story.

Country-m. Upon my Country Word, Maſter, it is true to a Tittle.

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